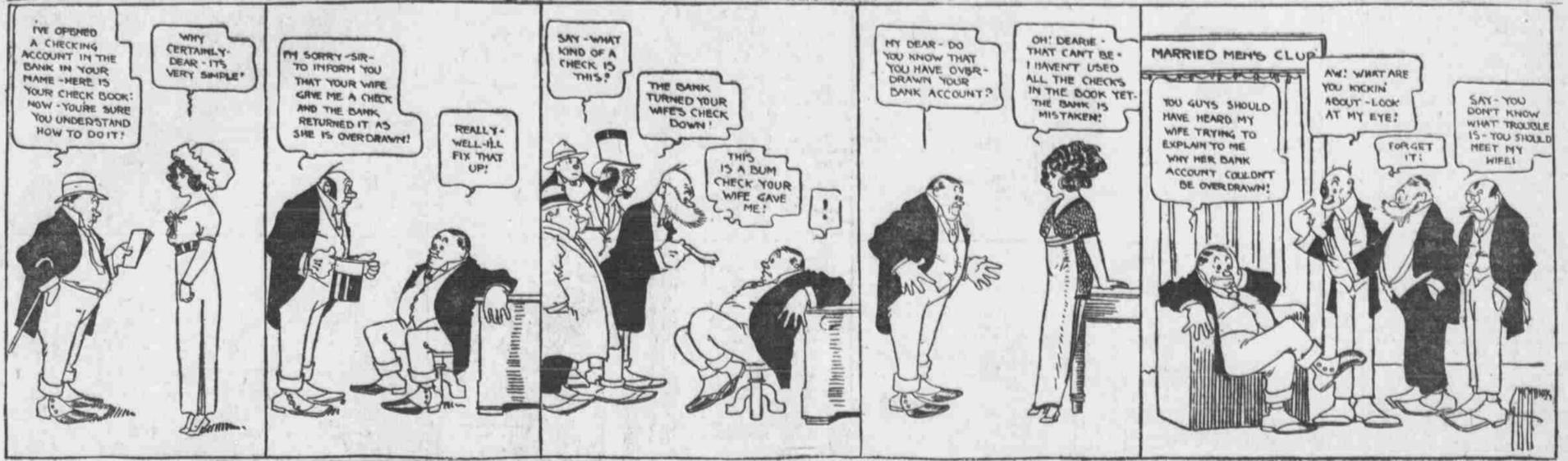


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## All Members of This Club

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## Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



## What Do You Like to Read About?

By WINIFRED BLACK.

"What do you like to read about?" said the man to me.

"I started," I said, "I mean, the man."

"What sort of folk—people in castles, with retainers and 'their' birthdays, or people on yachts, with butlers and valets, or people out west, with sheriffs and bad men dropping in to supper, and the wind blowing in from the desert and the coyotes yelping on the great red mountains in the dusky distance?"

"O," said I, "I don't like any of those people. I like folks—just plain folks. No, not folksy folks with dialects—the women, with shawls on their heads, that run in and gossip all about 'What made Maie stay an old maid so long?' and 'Who's going to get Mirandy, now Si's gone?' bore me to ears; and I can't bear the fat young schoolmarm who goes out west and makes the biggest boy fall in love with her, and then they go back home to visit, and he shocks the whole village by saying 'Dern it!' and wearing a red cowboy handkerchief instead of a collar."

"I like to read about the sort of people I know myself, every day in the week—the woman with the fussy husband; the woman with the boy she hopes will be a genius, and he turns out to be just a lazy dreamer; the woman with the little girl who won't take music lessons, no matter how she tries to make her; the man with the business down-town, and the rival over the way trying to take it away from him; the girl on the stage who plays real parts and gets real criticism; the newspaper man who doesn't beat the town the very first time he goes out on a story; the people who have comfy homes and a decent picture or two, and a lot of good books and some dogs, and either children or the hope of children."

"No, I don't care for butlers in mine, though if the butler belongs in the story I don't mind him at all; I only hate to prove that the man who employs him really is no end of a swell."

"Valets? Yes, a valet is all right, if he isn't insisted on. Lots of fairly everyday men have valets—actors and musicians and other helpless creatures."

"Maids don't worry me—nor chauffeurs—as long as they stay discreetly in the background, but I must say secretaries and nursery governesses and under-gardeners and special trains and too many yachts do disconcert me a little. I always have to stop and add up what it would cost to have an establishment like that, and that interferes with the plot."

"No, I hate the Dickey and the Algy story, with the 'little girl in white' and her managing mamma. I never can quite believe there are such helpless geese in the world as that little girl, and if I knew anyone like that 'managing mamma' I'd have her locked up on a charge of disturbing the peace."

"Yes, it's folks I like—every-day folks—plain Americans, with plain American troubles and plain American joys, like buying a machine after you've saved for it for a year; and daughter's graduating essay; and son's first love affair."

"That's why I always choose a woman's stories, all other things being equal."

The man looked at me more in sorrow than in anger. "Are all women like you?" he said. "I don't believe it. I believe they like to read about ropes of pearls and strings of emeralds and cables of real coral—and gowns of filmy lace—"

"That's the chocolate cream age," I said. "They do, of course. That's because they are always hoping they'll be one of those heroines themselves some day, and they want to have the fun of planning their filmy gowns and thinking how sweet they'll look in the ropes and chains and things. When the woman is past wanting to read about people like herself, it leads her to realize that she isn't the only human being who has trouble keeping the expense accounts within scolding limits. What do you like to read about, Mr. Man?"

"The man took a long pull on his pipe. 'I like to read about damocles' hair, and shady bowers, and nodding violets, and dashing cavaliers,' he said, 'and noble heroes, and soldiers of fortune—and quests, and all that. If anyone dares to hand me a book about 'How I Made My Money' or 'What I Did to Down the

Lemon Trust! I'll make him wish he'd committed suicide that time he almost wanted to."

And then we both began to reconsider and talk it over, and we both decided that we really didn't care so much about who the hero of the story was. The main thing is, who wrote it?

There's Bret Harte. He could take a bank clerk and cast such a sparkling veil of romance about him that his every pen flourish would mean sentiment. And as for the common little red-haired person he fell in love with—why, she'd be a wood nymph, a fairy, a siren from the cool, green sea, even if she lived in a hall bedroom and ate 'weenies' and chocolate for supper.

Cable! Do you ever hunt up Cable's houses down in New Orleans? Dirty old tumble-down places, seen with every-day eyes. Look through the magic glasses of Cable, and you're in Elysia, the land of fair women and brave men. There's even something romantic about a piece of candied lemon peel when the right sort of man tells about it.

No, it isn't the subject; it's the way it is handled, after all, we agreed, the man and I. There's so and so, the special writer on the Daily Enterprise. He'd write about a fire in a boiler factory, and make you hold your breath to find out whether the maitreese cat got out alive or not. And there's his brother on the Daily Scream, would tell the story of a plot to assassinate every beautiful woman in America, and keep you yawning all the way through. It isn't the story; it isn't the people in the story—it's the writer that matters.

"But still," said I to the Man, "all things being equal, I want folks in my stories—folks that I know."

"Gossip," said the Man. And we both went and got our own particular kind of book and settled down to our own particular kind of evening, and were perfectly satisfied. What fun it is to talk these things over once in a while! Isn't it?

## Strange Things from the Air

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

A correspondent in Massachusetts writes that after a heavy storm recently he saw the pavements of a town sprinkled with many small earthworms, apparently lifeless and looking as if they had been drowned, and, since it was seemingly impossible that they could have crawled there in such numbers, he wishes to know if it is not possible to throw any light on their probable origin.

The phenomenon to which he calls attention has long been known, in various forms, and has sometimes been the cause of panic fears among ignorant or superstitious people. The so-called "blood-rains" belong to the same category.

Most of these occurrences are believed to be due to the carrying up into the atmosphere, by whirling winds, of quantities of dust, the colored pollen of flowers, and even small animals, which are transported to a considerable distance, and then brought down to the ground during a rainstorm.

The power of an atmospheric whirl to lift light objects to a great elevation is often astonishing. Such a whirlwind passing over a swamp or pond may suck up considerable quantities of water, and with it small fish, frogs and worms. These are retained in the air by the rapidity of their motion, and may be transported a mile, or even many miles, before they descend again to the ground. If they are caught in a shower of rain they are assembled together in multitudes as they fall.

Some very curious instances of strange rains of this kind are on record. Many years ago a shower of small green stones fell during a violent storm in the streets of Birmingham, England, causing much consternation among the inhabitants. Investigation by a geologist showed that they had been torn by the wind from a ragged range of green stone rock near the village of Rowley, in Staffordshire, several miles north of Birmingham.

Such phenomena are more common in southern Europe than elsewhere, and it has been proved that the Desert of Sahara is usually their source. Colored

sand and dust are raised to a great height in the atmosphere by the whirling winds, and then transported across the Mediterranean sea until in passing over Europe they are caught in descending rains, to which they impart the color of blood or of sulphur, often staining any substance with which they come in contact.

On March 14, 1812, a "bloody cloud," which probably originated in the Sahara, passed over Calabria, and extended northward into the kingdom of Naples, spreading terror everywhere and coloring the whole sky as red as fire. Thunderstorms broke out and the rain that fell from the cloud had exactly the appearance of blood.

In 1867 a blood-colored rain fell at Chambery, at the foot of the Alps, while near the summit of the mountains around the St. Bernard pass, there fell several inches of "bloody snow."

In the old days of superstition these occurrences were ascribed to diabolic influences, and there was no one wise enough in the dotage of nature to offer a reasonable explanation of them.

Often it happens that insects, and sometimes heavier animals, as well as the seeds of plants, are transported long distances by the wind and deposited alive upon the ground. Dr. T. L. Phillips, who devoted many years to investigation of atmospheric vagaries, believed that the sudden appearance of strange plants and insects in localities where they are usually unknown is due to this cause.

He himself observed several instances of the kind. On one occasion a rare plant, called the "bloody-finger grass," suddenly began to grow in his garden, but it disappeared after a single season. His explanation was that the seeds had been brought through the atmosphere, and that the plants, after flourishing a single summer, perished for lack of proper nourishment in the soil.

On another occasion his garden, near London, was suddenly animated with the presence of a species of wasp, which is never found in England, but abounds in France. These insects also disappeared after a single season.

The fact is that the atmosphere is a wonderful transporting agent, extremely fickle in its action, filled with unseen currents, and yet containing many mysteries, such as the barometric "holes" into which aeroplanes sometimes plunge, that remain to be satisfactorily explained.



## MAKES RHEUMATISM PROMPTLY DISAPPEAR

### Crippled-up Sufferers Find Relief After Few Doses of Croxone Are Taken.

It is needless to suffer any longer with rheumatism, and be all crippled up, and bent out of shape with its heart-wrenching pains, when you can surely avoid it. Rheumatism comes from weak, inactive kidneys, that fail to filter from the blood, the poisonous waste matter and uric acid; and it is useless to rub on liniments or take ordinary remedies to relieve the pain. This only prolongs the misery.

The only way to cure rheumatism is to remove the cause. The new discovery, Croxone, does this because it neutralizes and dissolves all the poisonous substances and uric acid that lodge in the joints and cause rheumatism, and cleans out and strengthens the stopped-up, inactive kidneys, so they can filter all the poison from the blood, and drive it on and out of the system.

Croxone is the most wonderful medicine ever made for chronic rheumatism, kidney troubles, and bladder disorders. You will find it different from all other remedies. There is nothing else on earth like it. It matters not how old you are, or how long you have suffered. It is practically impossible to take it into the human system without results. You will find relief from the first few doses, and you will be surprised how quickly all misery and suffering will end.

An original package of Croxone costs but a trifle at any first-class drug store. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive money-back guarantee. Three doses a day for a few days is often all that is ever needed to overcome the worst backache or urinary disorders.

## A "Snake Dress" That is Startling England



The picture is of Mme. Anna Pavlova, the Russian dancer, who is at present appearing in England. The gown she is wearing is known as the "Snake Dress." In it Mme. Pavlova glides with sinuous movement about the stage with realistic effect. The dress is being widely copied, and who knows but what it may strike a style in these United States before long?

## Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Pa & me was in New York last week to a horse market. I didn't want to go, but Pa wanted to go, because he said that a friend of his named George Crowley wanted to go & buy a team of horses for his farm. So Pa & me went to the horse market & looked at some horses.

Pa was the man that introduced Mister Crowley to the man who owned the horse market, & all the way down to the market he was telling Mister Crowley what a wonderful bargain he was going to get. Most of the horses that they have in this market, Pa told Mister Crowley, is old thoroughbreds, the kind that Mister Keene used to race at the track in the days when racing was racing indeed. It is true, Pa said, that most of the horses I mention has done a little road work lately, such as on St. oak, etc, but

I am sure that you will find them of the good old stock that sent Colin & Sweeney & Rosenbun over the wire as winners. I don't care for any blooded horses, but for once I was going to get a pair of old skippers for my farm. All I want them to do is to drag a plow around the field of peaceful, & not to think of the days when the bookmakers had it all their own way.

I got all the time that Mister Crowley was a pretty smart man, & I never thought Pa knew very much about horses, but for once I was surprised in that Mister Crowley did. Pa & the man in the horse market showed Mister Crowley a lot of good horses, but he kept saying no. I want a simple, gentle team for farm work. I want a team that will not run away with the plow, a team that my

## Natural History Lessons—No. 2--The Lamb

By DOROTHY DIX



HERE are few more valuable animals than the lamb, whether you consider it from the mint sauce or the Wall Street point of view. In either capacity it is our meat, and furnishes glad raiment and diamonds to those who, but for it, would not be able to protect themselves against the cold blasts of winter.

The name of the individual who discovered the first Lamb is lost in the mists of antiquity, but as a source of supplies he has got the individual who made two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, beat a city block. Thus are we called upon again to marvel at the wisdom of a beneficent Providence that has created just the proper thing to meet our every need.

Lambs are found in all parts of the known world, and appear to multiply with great rapidity, so that as one is slain a dozen take its place. Indeed the theory is held on Wall Street that a new batch of Lambs is born every second, but this probably exaggerates the situation. At any rate, the Lamb crop for the last year or two has been so poor that many brokers have been forced to prey on one another.

In appearance the lamb is of a mild and pleasing aspect with a voice that sounds like the amateur soloist who kindly consents to sing at a club dinner. Originally the Lamb is of a snow white color, but after a short sojourn away from its native haunts it is apt to need a hurry trip to the laundry. It gets soiled very quickly.

In the matter of legs the Lamb is eclectic, some Lambs having four, one located on each corner, while other Lambs have only two, which are situated at the extreme northeast end of their anatomy, thus enabling them to stand upright after the manner of men. Also, some Lambs have affairs on their chins, while others have smooth faces, but the difference depends on whether they came from the middle west or not.

We may dismiss the quadruped Lamb in a few words, merely stating, in passing, that it has of late developed an ambitious and aspiring tendency to rise skyward.

Pa can drive her guests around with after they have done three days work on the farm, a couple of horses that is as tractable & easy to drive as I am, and Pa's friend.

So we all went to another stable. I could see that Pa didn't want to go to another place, & I knew that I was rather to bed sunnary playing ball with the kids, but we went to this other place & they showed a team of horses that was the most tired looking team I ever seen, except Roosevelt & Johnson after election.

The man that was showing the team to Pa's friend said that he had been against the hind heels of both horses. You see, already, he said, that they are gentle, yet. As sure as my name is August they haven't kicked since September.

I think that is a team such as I want, said Mister Crowley. You may send them to Tenashack Lake tomorrow. How much are they?

Wait a minute, said Pa, let me explain. You don't want to buy a horse or a team of horses without trying them on a live or sum other rig, to see if they are gentle. So Pa's friend asked the man August to hitch the team to a rig. I could see that he didn't want to do it very bad, but he did it, & when Mister Crowley & Pa & me got in, the team ran away & we had to be stopped by a mounted policeman.

I thought you told me these horses were gentle, said Pa's friend to the man that called himself August. What made them run away with me & my friends?

Go & buy sum horses sunnary else, then, said August. As sure as my name is August I neffer seen them run away in July before.

ward under the tuition of Messrs. Armour and Swift, and that it has shown a coy disposition to stay in cold storage that every one who has the good of the country at heart must deplore. However, that great veterinarian, Prof. Wilson, late of Princeton university, we understand, has now undertaken the moral regeneration of the Lamb, and the pig, and we may hope to see some needed reforms instituted in this line.

It is in the two-legged Lamb (genus suckibine) that the trained naturalist finds his most interesting study.

This amiable creature lives apparently only to give pleasure to others, which it does by the simple expedient of suffering itself to be sheared by an artistic trimmer that happens along.

This is great sport, and it is a matter of pride that our Wall Street brokers hold the world's record as the champion fleecers of Lambs.

Being so gentle and kind, the Lamb, especially the woolly ones from Pittsburgh, are held in great esteem by women as pets.

There was once a chorus girl named Mary who had a little Lamb, with a fleece as white as snow, and every where that Mary went his money did surely go—but that's another story.

Lambs are generally of the masculine persuasion, though occasionally we observe an elderly female mutton dressed as spring Lamb capering around at the dance.

There are many curious sights in nature, and this is one of the curioziest.

## Superfluous Hair Truths

### Stop Experimenting

There are but few depilatories sold. You think there are hundreds because you have used the same identical preparation for several different names. This is easily explained. Women stop using

### So-Called Hair Removers

when they learn that they are harmful. Therefore, they can not be sold under the same name for any length of time. Then the identical, worthless, harmful concoctions are given new names and advertised again as totally different preparations to women stop using.

### Defraud the Same Foolish Women

who innocently buy the over and over again under different names, and this will continue as long as women are so unwise as to experiment with unknown, so-called hair removers.

## DeMiracle

### Has Stood the Test of Time

DeMiracle has been sold as DeMiracle for over 25 years, and its name has never been changed. It is acknowledged the world over by eminent authorities as the one safe, perfected hair remover, therefore is the only depilatory you can use without experimenting.

### Leaves No Tell-Tale Smell

If you use DeMiracle it will be impossible for any curious person to know that you have used a hair remover because DeMiracle evaporates immediately after accomplishing its work, therefore leaves no odor whatsoever. On the other hand, if you use any depilatory with a distinctive odor, are so offensive, tell-tale smell will cling to your skin for hours.

### Avoid Permanent Disfigurement

by refusing substitutes. If your dealer will not supply you send \$1.00 direct. Free information how to determine which depilatories are harmful and worthless sent in plain, sealed envelope.

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